THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Retrospective and Perspective Sketches of Life.

(Concluded)

Society! thou dear, uncertain good!
'Tis to thy choice, life's rare delights we owe:
Or from it, all our miseries we date—
Thy *early* choice, which stamps the future hues,
That tinge with gloom and wo the paths of vice,
Or brighten every scene where virtue reigns.
'Tis to thy early choice the secret bent
To right and wrong, in each degree, is given.
Oh! period most momentous! when the soul,
Expanding, seeks congenial sympathies,
And, *undirected*, shoots her ardent flight
Where forms of friendship woo her far away;
Nor stops to cast one scrutinizing glance.
How oft surrounding crowds, who, shameless, own
Their weak desertion from the standard fair
Of Christian excellence, still make pretence
To virtue, and her semblance bright assume!
And while her borrow'd charms their lustre lend
To cover gross deformity; like veils
Of spangled lawn, o'er age and wrinkles thrown,
Wrought to deceive, ensnare and fascinate;
Young innocence, bewilder'd and alarm'd,
Charm'd and perplex'd, unknowing what to think;
Now doubts, now hopes, now fears, then tries to clasp
These beauteous phantoms in her lovely shape.
For how can youth, too fond, believing youth,
With credulous, with unexperienc'd mind,
Prone to enthusiastic tenderness,
And sudden admiration, see the fruits
He hears extoll'd as good, th' attractive forms
Of mildness, generosity, and love,
And yet—unaided by his single glance,
Detect their fallacy? or e'er conceive
Such high-wrought excellence, may haply prove
Nought but the mere instinctive ebullitions
Of animal delight—on birds, and beasts,
On man, and all that lives alike bestow'd?
Something, perhaps, which like a latent sense
Of pleas'd existence, wakening into life,
With new-born powers, by vernal influence mov'd
To sympathy, springs forward to enjoy,
In social transport, all that sense can crave.
These are the mental shoots, which, nurs'd with care,
Might grow like shelt'ring vines, whose ample shade,
Thrown frequent o'er the arduous paths of life,
From noon-tide heat would yield a sweet relief
To many a way-worn traveller, faint with toil:
While clust'ring fruits, inviting, tempt his hand,
And their delicious juice his thirst allays.
But left on wilds and heaths, their branches weak,
No fruits nor shade afford; but bloom awhile
In transient beauty's pride, then fade and die.
Such are the early loves, which prompt to soft
And pleasing manners, teaching every art
To charm the soul, and draw th' affections forth—
But ne'er can stand the test—the test severe—
But just and perfect; which, if not endured,
All virtue is but vain, external show—
The test of yielding up their darling pleasures
For others good—while all their selfish joys
Bear the clear stamp of rectify'd indulgence.
Oh! then, ye sage instructors, leave them not—
By all your hopes—by the long-wish'd reward
Of all your labours—Oh! desert them not!
But still, in all their paths, like faithful friends
Attend them; and, with condescension sweet,
And kind familiar converse, so engage
Their gratitude, their love and confidence,
That every thought, fast rising to their lips
Without disguise, shall soon unfolded be;
And thus themselves disclose, where most they need
Your veteran knowledge, to expound and solve,
Explain, and draw the line where judgment ends,
And charity begins. How blest are those,
Who, thus admitted to their pupils' hearts,
See through the veil which erst reserve had wove,
Of texture close! Then every latent wish,
Each doubt, each surmise, every fond desire,
And new idea, stand at once reveal'd,
And find their cure or sanction. Should they doubt
Their own adherence to the law of love,
Taught by our christian creed, when they withhold,
From these seducing tempters, friendship's meed,
Whilst told, without reserve, that as *thyself*
Thy neighbour thou shalt love—ah! tell them plain,
'Tis not for man the balance to adjust
Of final judgment—but, when they behold
Those, who can set the moral law on high,
And unreveal'd religion far above
That which our glorious Founder taught himself—
Who turn to mirth the doctrine of the Cross—
Who roam for pleasure, and their home-born joys,
Lighted by filial and fraternal love,
Forsake, for strange delights, without regret:
Who slight their humble duties, such as glide
Noiseless adown the private stream of life,
And gain no loud applause, nor ask of fame
The wreath which vanity delights to wear—
When they behold such duties trampled on
With scorn, or e'en indifference, and by those
Who talk of virtue, and the sweet reward
Of virtuous deeds; of friendship, peace,
Of honour, generosity, and fame;
Those pompous names which gratify the pride
Of worldlings, strangers to their essence pure—
Ah! bid them then beware! They need not judge;
They need not sit aloft, high in the seat
Of condemnation, neither justify
Presumptive arrogance! their simple path
Lies far from here—'tis but to turn their feet
From every devious way, from joining hands
In social compact with these sons of earth.
Or if their feeling hearts, by pity mov'd,
By anxious fears, or tender love inspir'd,
An interest cherish in their weal or wo,
In secret supplicate that gracious power
Who listens with delight to prayer sincere,
That they to paths, enlighten'd by his grace,
May find a restoration. Thus the lure,
Temptation spreads, their wary feet may shun,
Still, they have much to study, much to learn,
E'er they can understand true charity,
Judgment, and virtue over self triumphant!
Children, while young, implicitly believe
Th' assertions of the teacher; which, if just,
In future periods oft shall be recall'd
With secret pleasure, when matured thought
Approving owns their truth; but when advanc'd
To youth's important stage, awak'ning powers
And new conceptions tempt them to explore,
To weigh, examine, to compare and judge
With curious eye, in all things for themselves.
Then up in arms comes reason; at her back
Stands argument, forth-coming at her call,
And formidably clad; but whose fair shew
And thousand tongues, all pliant, oft induce
Resolves which reason ever must deplore.
Then, lost in labyrinths of error dark,
Deluded youth oft wanders, till the hand
Of wisdom and experience back recalls
His straggling steps. Thus every fleeting hour
Of life's gay morn, our feeble race require
A Mentor's counsel: but in manhood's prime,
When brac'd with nerves of mental strength and vers'd
In wisdom's lore, more safely ye may trust
Those noon-tide moments to that spark of heaven
Benignly bright! which like the glorious star
The gazing shepherds, with adoring faith,
All rapt in wonder, follow'd—when of yore
It led them to the "Sun of righteousness,"
Their steps shall *so* enlighten; while its powers
In-shining shall disclose the secret book
Whence true self-knowledge can alone be drawn.
Oh! then each rising morn their grateful hearts
Will bless your vigilant, your ceaseless care;
Your rigid, unremitting discipline:
So mild, invariable, strict and just,
And each returning day that power invoke
Who set your task, your labours to reward.
Nor shall their prayers ascend unheard: for heaven,
Beneficent in all things, has ordain'd,
Amidst its ample store, no greater joy
To visit earth's low regions, than for love,
Parental love, enamour'd, to behold
Its offspring rising, dignified with grace,
Adorn'd with knowledge, polish'd and refin'd
By Charity's soft hand, and form'd to shine
As great examples to the gazing world,
In every sphere of life. Oh! bliss supreme!
And, by the persevering few enjoy'd,
Whose feet, untir'd, have climb'd the steep ascent
Leading to this exalted eminence!
And which, as down the sloping vale they tend
Of life's declivity, full many a cup
Shall sweeten, else with bitter potions fill'd.
Oh! fraught with every motive to inspire
E'en the supine and careless! who can slight

A task like this prolific? who would lose,
For all the world calls pleasure, all the ease,
Th' inglorious ease, of indolence and wealth,
So sweet a recompense? Ah! would the muse
With all her eloquence my pen inspire,
Arm'd with celestial fire, my powerful hand
Should plant new energies in every mind
Enthrall'd by sloth, whom not th' awakening call
Of soft parental duty yet has rous'd.
But vain is all which art or genius plans,
The powers of reason, or the charm of song,
If He, whose will supreme directs in all,
Bless not the work; whose smile can well suffice
To prosper every thome, and bid success,
Though plain and unadorn'd, attend on mine.

MENTOR.

9th of 2d mo. 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The Christian religion the best support to a mind in affliction.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are not seen, are eternal. PAUL.

That effeminacy, from which men draw their most beloved delights, and which under the various names of sleep, debility, and rest, enervates the greater number of the rich and opulent, hides many a vigorous mind from public view. The fleshly part which shall shortly be reduced to dust, appropriates to itself all the energy of the spirit, and leaves to it the sad portion of lamentation only.—Hence it is that we become captivated by the force of a slight head-ache; and lose that patient firmness which blunts the edge of sorrow. The senses should be locked up in silence when the language of the soul is uttered; for her voice can never be heard amidst the tumult and confusion of the passions. It is well known that nothing is more familiar in the abode of mortals, than trouble; and yet nothing is more rare than the rational manner in which they ought to bear it. Murmur and complaint are the uniform consequence of those ills which are permitted to attend us in our passage through life; and these consequences originate from the common desire to have the road to heaven strewed with flowers,* so anxious are we that these frail bodies should meet with no thorns nor difficulties in the way. Ah! if it were possible to collect together the drops of blood which have been shed by wars, accidents and sickness, we should behold copious rivers to our astonishment; and should be convinced that afflictions, like an inheritance, have devolved upon us, and shall perpetually be our portion. In every individual there is planted a seed of death, which germinates from time to time, and, by causing a fermentation of the humours, introduces infirmities of every kind. But in order to know how extensively affliction bears her sway over weak mortals, let the eye take a survey of a field of battle, where rolling upon lacerated bodies, (if we may be indulged the expression) she flies from soul to soul, as rapidly as the cannon which bears her along, and spreads slaughter and carnage around. The sorrow thus caused lasts an age; the joy of victory endures but a moment, and then, behold how keen the anguish and how numerous the afflictions which attend it!

The nature of some constitutions greatly favours the manner in which they suffer. For there are found men whose bodies correspond with the vigour of their minds, and are qualified with an equal capacity for exertion; whereas the firmness of others appears to be in an inverse ratio to the delicacy of their temperaments. But whatever be the constitutional formation of men, the force of temptations never transcends the power of resistance which all *may* possess; and let it everbe borne in remembrance, that there is no real proportion existing between temporary evils and eternal felicity; that all creatures since the condemnation consequent upon Adam's transgression, have been born to suffer; and that an impatience of spirit, instead of mitigating the evils of which we complain, only serves to increase them. Religion enjoins us to sanctify afflictions by an entire resignation to the will of God, and regards the intrepidity of these boastful *heroes*, who stifle their sorrows, through a vain ostentation, merely as a theatrical pomposity, fit only to ornament a romance. It is not the degree of torment which makes a man a martyr, but the cause and dipposition of mind in which he suffers.

From reflections of this kind, it is obvious, that few derive all the advantages they might receive from their portion of afflictions. What should we lose by considering them as a penitence imposed upon all the children of Adam, and as a wholesome chastisement for our offences and our lusts? How desirable would it be, by making as it were, a virtue of necessity, to bear with patience those sufferings which we cannot hope to escape! and is it not lamentable, on the other hand, to lose all the benefit which would result by rightly esteeming them as favours conferred upon us?—it ought, moreover, to be borne in mind, that we have no cause to blame any body but ourselves for the principal part of the afflictions which surround and overwhelm us. For even sickness, generally speaking, is the natural consequence of *excess*, and whether in our pleasures or in our business, we are equally strangers to moderation. We destroy the beautiful order, which, with so much regularity is observed in nature by the planetary orbs, the seasons of the year, and even the lowest of the animated kingdom. We act according to the suggestions of caprice; we sleep without the call of necessity; we study to play, and play when we ought to study; it is with difficulty we think, and we toil and labour with alacrity: hence it is that all our actions are out of season, and insensibly the human frame loses its equipoise and becomes the dull abode of sorrow, after thus having introduced disorder and confusion into the system.

Were we but wise enough to listen to the admonitions in the soul, infirmities of every kind would be very rare amongst us; for then all our studies, our amusements, our sleep, and our repasts, would be diversified according to the system of ECONOMY, that economy, which would proportion them to our respective temperaments. Nature is satisfied with little. Brutes, much more docile in following their instinct than we who are *not* under the guidance of reason, suffer less by maladies than men. To act rightly, we should neither pamper the body with dainties, nor emaciate it by abstinence: every extreme is a wide departure from virtue; and this is the reason of the apostle's recommendation to be "*soberly wise.*" And as infirmities may assail us, they ought to be expected with the same composure as is needful to bear them. Restlessness of mind irritates and encreases our troubles, whilst patience is the lenitive that soothes and heals them.

If we have not painted human afflictions and anxieties in as glowing colours

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* Upon this subject I have met somewhere with the following judicious observation: "Muchos quieren que se les de el cielo de valde, y no quieren el infierno comprado:" that is to say, they would like to gain eternal happiness without any trouble, and would choose to be not doomed to that state of future misery, which they, with so much eagerness, and at the expence of their health and wealth, have by their vices solicited.

as the picture would seem to require, it is because we think that to direct men to themselves is all that is necessary to give a true and adequate idea of them. Matters of sentiment always lose by description, however high the description may be wrought. The slightest wound inflicted by the sting of a contemptible insect makes a more sensible impression than the most laboured essay can do. But it is not our business to explain the nature of evils; it is to learn the art to subdue them. In the mind which possesses its natural fortitude, uncorrupted by vicious habits, means are always at hand to prevent the introduction of evil. The soul, though irritated and discomposed can carry us beyond the present, and open to us the future; console us by a representation of multitudes more wretched than ourselves; and, in a word, it can enable us to behold the Most High in the act of crowning all who, in the warfare and in tribulation, have fought well and suffered as they ought.

It behoves him therefore, who would sustain that dignity of character which belongs to him in life, to be supported by something masculine, sublime, heroic. Virtues of this description are acquired when by example and exercise the body becomes accustomed to patience and fatigue. On the other hand, how pusillanimous are they who have been educated in habits of sloth and effeminacy! The very delicacy of their bodies is an indication of their mental debility. Such beings have no animation to move, no fortitude to suffer, and no resolution to elevate the mind. Of these it may be said, that they are ever ready to break to pieces; for their souls, it would seem, are not distinct from a mere flexibility of fibres, and an organical sensibility. Hence they are subject to dejection at the slightest difficulty, and have no power, but the power of uttering their complaints, and of expressing their impatience.

When our minds are rightly raised to the contemplation of higher objects, our corporeal frames sink into nothing, or, at most, they appear but as a grain of earth which clogs us in our journey to a better country, and perhaps, for a moment detains us upon the way. When we become disengaged from the thraldom of the senses, we acquire a new being, and in the midst of tribulation we deliver up to its control, only the most frail and lame part of ourselves. How happy then is the true CHRISTIAN! HE who triumphs over every calamity! May we not then, blush for those who dare accuse CHRISTIANS of vileness and cowardice? For who ever displayed more heroic fortitude than those generous victims whom idolatrous fury has immolated? and *where* shall we find instances of virtue so sublime as in THOSE who despise shame and applause; pain and pleasure? who trample the universe under their feet; and who love God alone? How much are they to be pitied who know nothing of this elevation of mind.

CARAC.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The inclosed poem, which I send you for insertion, was occasioned by the following circumstance: The author some time since, was indulged with the sight of an Elegy, in which the writer, after enumerating all the charms of nature, and all the beauties of spring, had given way to a strain of complaint and despondency, arising from sickness and sorrow. The impression made on the mind of my friend, will be understood from the following stanzas.

PHILO.

And shall that form of easiest grace,
And shall that heavenly-beaming face,
Those eyes that shine with Fancy's rays,
Where Reason's softer lustre plays,
A prey to tyrant pain be made,
While from that cheek the roses fade?—

And shall a mind,
By Wisdom's sacred love refin'd,
Which yet by genuine taste inform'd,
Stoops from the chamber where the thunder's form'd,
To mark the crimson bud's enchanting power,
And tell the varied graces of the opening flower—
Feel its etherial essence fail?
Its subtle spirits soaring once so high,
Now sunk and vapid, lose their heaven-taught energy

While the dull son of earth, whose marble form
No softer sympathies can warm—
Whose eye, with cold unheeding gaze,
The wide cerulean vault of heaven surveys,
And treads with leaden footsteps on the fairest flower,
Nor marks the finger of supernal power—
"As full as perfect" in the opening rose,
In each gay vernal scented bud that blows,
As in the loud tremendous thunder's roar,
Or ocean's billowy surge,
Lash'd by rude tempests on the craggy shore—
Feels his cheek glow with health's own roseate hue.
Youth strings his nerves and sparkles in his eyes,
Jocund he trips it thro'-the morning dew,
And gayly with the Lark's his matin songs arise.

Yet mourn not thou, whom nature's charms inspire,
Whose magic fingers sweep the warbling wire,
To whom a nobler aim and ampler views are given.
Tho' April clouds obscure thy summer day,
And harpy sorrows on thy vitals prey,
Yet shalt thou rise, superior child of heaven
The light of calm philosophy diffuse,
And dip the wings of truth in pure Castalian dews.

OWEN.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

As the season is now approaching, when the husbandman's exertions are to be directed to various spring objects, perhaps it may not be unacceptable to some of your country readers, to descant a little among others, upon the subject of *fruit trees*, and those planted out for ornament, or utility. There is such an apathy in some, towards this elegant department of rural economy, and in others such inattention and neglect, that something tending to excite the sluggard, or to stir up the well intentioned mind, by way of remembrance, may not perhaps be unfruitful of some good. The *Hindoos* have a tradition upon this head, and say that among other good deeds, which shall entitle a man to the bliss of Paradise, he must in his life time have planted out *one tree*, for the benefit of posterity. In this they reason upon more liberal principles than some whom I have known, who object to the cultivation of fruit, the perfection of which their posterity will be likely to enjoy. But how have these thus a right to the fruit which they already gather, and which was planted by their fathers? And lest such selfish reasoners shall incur the charge of ingratitude, as well as of absurdity, let them consider that the filial obligations can only be fully obliterated by the faithful and disinterested discharge of the paternal duties.—I have long since considered the culpable bareness of many farms of good fruit, to say nothing of the destitution of other cultivated trees, as evidence of a barbarian taste in the cultivator; and am physiognomist enough to conclude, that such a dereliction of taste and provident industry, must be likely to be accompanied by as remarkable a dereliction of mental improvement.

However negligent such cultivators may be in cultivating the trees, I have not known them to refuse the fruit itself when within their reach. An apple or peach appears to be as well relished by the slovenly and negligent cultivator, as by another. Yet the satisfaction of rewarded industry, we must suppose, yields a pleasure which the reproaches of negligence can never permit to be enjoyed.—I am willing to lend the aid of my mite, to arrest some little attention toward this subject, and shall subjoin a few hints from such facts and inferences as have come within the sphere of my observation.

Grafted fruit appears better than natural, for almost any purpose. Yet there are some species of natural fruit, every day appearing, both apples and pears, that are excellent. Why pears, a fruit so

much superior to apples, are comparatively so scarce a fruit, is perhaps best accounted for, from the superior longevity, and hardihood of the apple.

The peach from the seed, will generally come the same; but it is believed, not always,—and never in the instance of inoculation. The seed of the plum or peach from inoculation, produces a mongrel, or mixed production; allied in taste and appearance to both the parent stocks; but from different seeds, with an infinite variety with respect to their taste and flavour. An Orleans plum ingrafted upon the red American plum, produce the Orleans plum, as was to be expected; but its seed from this graft, was neither the one nor the other; but a mongrel in size and colour; and differing from either in flavour. This is a fact ascertained by repeated experiments, within the sphere of my observation; though a fact I believe but little known by the botanists, who, if I mistake not, have gone less into the natural history, than into the universal classification of plants and trees. The general laws of botany, as connected with the practice of agriculture, I have long considered as a *desideratum*.—Similar to the laws of grafting in respect to the peach and plum, are those, it is believed of the apple, pear, and other similar fruits; and perhaps of all others.—By this means a beneficent Providence has provided an infinite variety of flavours and qualities, in our favourite fruits, suited to an infinity of tastes and circumstances.

It is generally supposed that the peach, plum, and other glutinous fruit trees, do not admit of ingrafting. This is in the main true. Inoculation suits them better; but with skill, they will sometimes sustain ingrafting with success. The peach even admits of being ingrafted upon the persimmon; and this last, were it pure, were one among the best methods yet discovered to counteract the ravages of the grub, which in our climate has of late years, rendered the peach so precarious. But the common plum, or the American wild plum, from the experiment I have seen, affords a larger and better stock to ingraft the peach upon.—I have been of the sentiment that it required the exertion of but a moderate share of human ingenuity and industry, to obviate or overcome those casual evils of the climate, or seasons,—which though inflicted upon man as due chastisements, have yet their termination, by various providential intergentions, when once the end hath been accomplished for which they were sent.

The ingrafting art is in itself a remote and wonderful discovery. Like most other discoveries, it is probable that invention and reasoning had less to do with it in its origin, than accident; but it is difficult to conceive what could first have suggested the idea of so improbable an operation. However this be, it is obviously an art not yet carried to its perfection. It yet remains to be known what advantages, man may derive from the application of its various laws.—It appears that not only trees of a similar species, but even of a different genus, may be made to grow upon the respective stocks of each other. This, though doubted and denied by some, (for we have seldom occasion for skilful men to make the trial) has however very respectable authority to support it, both of the moderns and ancients. But what has been known in one age, has been frequently forgotten and denied in a succeeding.

Steriles platni malos gessêre valentes:
*——glandemque sues fregêre sub ulmis.**

"The barren plantanes have borne strong apple-trees; and the swine have eaten acorns underneath elms." And the truth of this is corroborated by the strong and pointed testimony of so respectable a name as Columella.—But however admissible this art, something not dissimilar, nor less wonderful, has been seen to take place in the animal economy; where the blood of one animal hath been withdrawn, and re-supplied, for the purport of the vital system, from the veins of another. Nay, members amputated, if not from a different, certainly from the same organized body, have been set on, and have grown fast again. And this in animals of the superior orders; but in the instance of the *polypus* insect, the ingrafting of part of one animal into part of another, is a customary and successful experiment.

In respect to trees of ornament, it is well when ornament and utility are combined. For this reason, my eye rests with more pleasure upon the locust and walnut tree, and the Italian mulberry, than upon the specious, and useless Lombardy poplar;—the rapid growth and spread of which in these states since its introduction, are equally remarkable.—But of all the cultivated trees in Europe (for I have heard of none of it in America) the *Larch* tree, *larix pinus*, deserves the greatest commendation, for its many admirable and unrivalled qualities. Of which more particularly, in my next communication. S.

* Virg. Geor. Lib. II. 70. 73.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO ARIEL.

"Flattery's gaudy garland weaving,"
Ne'er employ'd my blissful hours;
Of their blushing flowers bereaving,
I ne'er rob the Muses' bowers.

Fear not, when, thy temples crowning,
I the blooming wreath bestow:
Each insidious art disowning,
Truth alone from light shall flow.

Bright aerial pinions waving,
Deck'd in Fancy's radiant stole,
While the Muses, sweetly raving,
Pour their raptures on thy soul;

At the shrine of Truth adoring,
Let thy tuneful prayers arise;
Virtue's guardian arm imploring,
Dare to act without disguise.

Still beneath her banner moving,
May thy graceful steps be found;
While the wise and good, approving,
Hear thy harp's enchanting sound.

Then, when morn with ruddy splendour
Lights the lofty mountain's brow,
Virtue shall thy bosom render
Tranquil as the lake below.

And, when evening's downy slumbers,
Hover o'er thy guiltless head,
Seraphs shall, in heavenly numbers,
Chaunt their vespers round thy bed.

SPERMACETI CANDLE.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

[We are indebted to the kindness of a friend for a number of original letters written by William Penn. The exalted character of the founder of this commonwealth—the love and admiration which are due to his memory from us who are now enjoying the fruits of his benevolent and enlightened labours, will, we apprehend, give additional interest to his letters. Superior to the modern niceties of composition, in these he appears to have been chiefly solicitous to express his ardent desires for the welfare of his friends and holy zeal for the cause of truth—which, in the course of a long life, appear to have directed his actions. Born in the midst of splendour, and the descendant of illustrious ancestors; yet was his mind early awakened to the love of truth. At the age of sixteen—when the mind is most apt to be attracted by the "boast of heraldry; the pomp of powers;"—the prince of this world set before his view, riches and honour; but—following the GREAT PATTERN, he turned away from the tempter; and chose to be expelled from the seat of learning, the bosom of friendship, and—even to be banished from the shelter of a father's house, rather than forsake the tribulated path, illumined by the light of the

Redeemer. When he was sufficiently proved and had really learned to set at naught this world and all its vanities, he was "clothed with honour above his fellows."—He was made the companion of princes, and the counsellor of a queen. In the sunshine of prosperity, he forgot not his brethren; but used his exaltation as the means of obtaining benefits for his fellow men. During an age of intolerance and bitter persecution, he gained for the infant colony on the banks of the Delaware, a charter of privileges, and prescribed a model of government, which extort the praise, even of the boasters of this *enlightened* age. Sufficiently attentive to the political welfare of mankind, he was still more earnest about their higher interests; and nobly zealous for the prevalence of gospel truth. For this he travailed—for this he suffered b nds.—But it was not possible to imprison his active mind. From the walls of his confinement burst forth many of those luminous tracts, designed to set free from spiritual darkness, those who were enchained to prejudice or captivated by the pleasures of sense. Such was William Penn—not merely in the partial judgment of his friends and intimates—but of those who had different impressions, both as to systems of government, and the truth of the gospel.—Of such a man—to whom the epithet GREAT belongs if ever it can be justly applied to mortals—of such a man, every fragment is valuable; and, we trust, none of our readers will regret that we have gathered these for his perusal. For any blunders that may appear, we bespeak thy indulgence, gentle reader, on account of the difficulty of decyphering the antiquated hand-writing of the originals.]

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My dearly beloved friends J. & G J—— P——, and E—— H——.

The salutation of my life, which is hid with Christ in God over all this fading and changable world, springs forth at this time unto you, who are made nigh and dear unto my spirit in the pure everlasting power of God,—and by that covenant of light, life, and eternal salvation, we have been gathered into, in which is the blessed fellowship witnessed, and communion with the God of life, whereby we come to be perfected, in every good and holy work, to answer the end of our great and high calling, which is unto righteousness, patience, and doing the will of God, which brings into that dominion which God Almighty is now giving to his saints, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of whose pure and righteous government there shall never be end. Therefore is he risen to plead the cause of his seed that is as in captivity in the nations of the world, and he is putting a cup of confusion, war and trembling that they may dash each other in pieces as a potter's vessel, and reel and fall, and never rise again; that the homage, the honour, and the holy praise may be rendered to the glorious rising of the seed that is to reign, and rule all nations with a rod of iron: And great are the calamities, that are hastening upon the world, and God the Lord of Heaven and earth is coming speedily and will not tarry, to judge righteously amongst the kingdoms of men. O! that day is at hand that many shall seek death and shall not find it—a day of great blackness, horror, and distress;—blessed are they that stand fast without wavering, in that winter day. O friends bless the Lord forever, who has redeemed us out of the lusts in which is the warring and the bloodshedding. O that our life, which makes us of one flesh and one bone, of one blood, and one body, yea, of one soul and one spirit, where the quarrels and commotions cannot reach unto us to break our union; O did the nations know and live in that blessed harmless life, how would it end all contests and differences. Well, we are the first fruits, and let us retire into our chambers, the inward of our spirits, and there we shall feel that which supports, comforts, and gives to prevail; for the end of these things that threaten the world that it may be brought into a condition of hearing and receiving the truth in the love of it, for this heavenly truth in which we have believed, and not another thing will the holy and righteous God of heaven and earth raise, prosper, and establish in the utter overturning of all that is too high for it, or makes war against it;—and dear friends my heart is melted in dear and heavenly love towards you, by which, you are deeply engraven in my remembrance, and often in our holy assemblies I feel the interceding spirit of the Lord for your support and assistance under all your great and (too many) unknown exercises; and let the living seed arise, oh let the power have its way and be bold and valiant for God, and stop not our testimony: surely testimonies must arise for the good old way of everlasting life. Fain would I be with you but cannot, and when to see you I know not; but it is much desired by me, for my heart cleaves towards you. I have been sometimes a little troubled not to hear from you, so much as of the receipt of several letters I have written to you, especially one concerning two of G. Fox's letters from Barbadoes; I long to understand how it is with you; things here as to friends are very well, only Rebecca Osgood at London, and G. Welsh at Jamaica, have lately departed this life, and are I hope, at rest with our God forever. Isaac Pennington is now at liberty by permission, and with us in the country—his dear love is to you, his wife's, and my dear friend's, who with myself and in my salutation of dear and heavenly love, unfeignedly greet you all, in which I am your endeared friend and brother.

WM. PENN.

Let a copy of this be sent to ——, with my dear love to them for my concern is great for them, and salute me dearly to all friends of your general meeting—if my letters already writ be not lost, keep them 'till I come, or send me copies pr. post—forget me not to Jo. Lodge, and honest John Claws.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

EMANCIPATON OF SLAVES.

In this age, when the principles of liberty are so strenuously contended for, and the the rights of men so ably advocated by those of the highest stations in society, it is somewhat marvellous that there should exist such a detestable and utterly inconsistent practice as that of holding fellow creatures in perpetual bondage. But when we consider how recently the flame of liberty has been kindled, and reflect that in preceding reformations the progress was gradual, and advanced step by step, we may have a reasonable assurance that the emancipation of slaves will become general in our country. There is in the human mind such an attachment to custom, and tenacity of apparently valuable privilege, that it is prone to view extraordinary steps with distrust, and not unfrequently comes to such a partial and selfish decision as encroaches upon a fellow being's natural rights. But darkness, superstition, and injustice, are more and more dispelled by the light of reason and religion, like the shades of night, by the approach of the glorious dispenser of the perfect day. A disposition is increasing which considers the whole human race as fellow creatures, objects of the Creator's beneficence, and equally entitled to common privileges of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Under this consideration, the philanthropic mind may be animated to "press forward" in the highly meritorious work of "pleading the cause of the oppressed," even

though success should not immediately ensue. Whoever becomes a benefactor to mankind, has a two-fold reward—he is the favourite of heaven, and will be honoured and celebrated on earth. The names of heroes are immortalized in the annals of history for their valour in the cause of their country; but their "garments were rolled in blood;" and perhaps by their commands, thousands had been prematurely cut off, and their surviving relatives left to languish in dejection, and drag out a bitter life of mourning, because those on whom they depended were no more. Are not they, then, more worthy to be had in honourable remembrance whose generous labours, mixed with no counteracting evil, have caused "liberty to be proclaimed" to thousands, and freedom to prevail through the land? Sandiford and Lay, Woolman and Benezett, rank high among these distinguished asserters of the rights of man: their exertions in the noble cause have immortalized their fame. They deserved to be adorned with Parnassian flowers—with wreaths of laurel around their temples. Ye, their successors in the godlike work, who now are on the stage of action, seize every opportunity to "spread the blessing," and to make that blessing truly blest: for assuredly there will be a reward.

VERNACULUS.

March 11.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

At a Meeting of the "Benevolent Club for lessening and extirpating the evils to which man by nature is liable, as well as those imposed upon him by custom," held at the Bachelor's hall on the evening of the 11th of March, 1805, it was unanimously resolved, that a remonstrance to the fairer part of the community from fifteen to forty-five years of age, be immediately drawn up—signed by the President, attested by the Secretary, and published in a literary paper called the Evening Fire-side.—It was the opinion of this Meeting, that, a remonstrance as above mentioned, if presented to the fair readers of your useful publication, will have a tendency at least to lessen an evil, by which the members of this Club have been afflicted for some time past.—It was also resolved, that such of the proceedings of the Club in future as a majority of the members may think beneficial to the community, shall be in like manner published, provided always that they meet the approbation of the Editors.

The Committee appointed to draft a remonstrance, after withdrawing for a short time, produced the following, which was accepted.

To the Ladies of this Metropolis, whether exquisitely beautiful, or eminently unhandsome, superlatively grave, or unpardonably giddy, infinitely wise, or uncomfortably foolish, (all between those extremes included) this remonstrance is humbly presented.

Dearest Dears,

The conduct of the enlightened part of mankind has been in all ages regulated by custom. And custom, has decreed that from us, whether beardless or bachelors, or in the medium between those extremes, you are entitled to never-ceasing attention—now this in itself is all very well. But after an evening devoted to hilarity, when the chearful circle is broken up, and we put on our hats by way of prelude to the next act, the performance of which, no one ever construed into an obligation.—It is very hard that our sensibility should be excited by the sorrow you express at the length of the journey before us, or the damps and disagreeables of inclement seasons, which, perhaps may prove prejudicial to us by increasing a cold or producing one, should we be so fortunate as to be in health.

The members of this Benevolent institution have been oftentimes brought into inextricable dilemmas by this over anxious solicitude of their fair companions for their welfare.—They have been obliged sometimes to adopt the incivility of taciturnity, rather than wound their tender consciences by making professions and protestations incompatible with the external appearance and intrinsic qualities of those whom chance has placed under their convoy.

As this is a duty which custom has entailed upon us, in which our inclinations can never be consulted, we hope you will in future graciously suffer us to escort you to your own habitations, or wherever else your inclinations may lead you, without bringing us into such disagreeable predicaments. Fair readers be generous, do not render disagreeable what would be performed at all times with chearfulness, and often with peculiar pleasure, by an obstinate adherence to this mistaken mode of shewing your regard for us.—And we the members of this Club (besides many more of the suffering sons of Adam as we believe) will ever as in duty bound, ourselves accordingly demean.

Extracted from the minutes of the Benevolent Club, by special order.

GERSHOM GOUT, *Pres't.*

Attest, GIDEON TIGHTSHOES,

Sec'ry. pro. tem.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A "Member of the Invisible Club," although he has taken leave of Amicus, acknowledges the *sight* of his last *polite* and *very Christian* communication, which is so exactly coincident with "the principles of truth and purity ! ! ! !"

To the readers of this paper, whether they be Latinists or not, is given the following maxim for consideration: and for the benefit of Amicus, it may be added to the next edition of Rochefoucault.

He, who being entirely ignorant of the Latin language, ridiculously attempts to rectify what he supposes to be the errors in translation, of another, who mistakes *sarcastic irony* for direct assertion, and is so blind that he cannot see that the same question may be asked in different words—who cannot disprove what another has asserted, and yet resting on these errors, wantonly and passionately accuses him of falsehood, when at the same moment he is guilty of it himself—who in one paper uses a word in one sense, and in the next, denies that he used it so—thus *vainly endeavouring* to drive away a *bull*, which remains in dispite of his efforts, he, who can be guilty of these improprieties, deserves the contempt and the indignation, the censures and the PITY of the wise, the virtuous, and the good.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THOU MUST DIE.

When we bring to mind this awful sentence, which has been passed upon every creature inhabiting this ball of earth, how insignificant appear those low pursuits which agitate the toiling race of men.—He who has been for a series of years building airy castles, and preparing for future years of enjoyment—who has been filling his barns with plenty and his stores with abundance;—how is he astonished, when to him is sent this awful summons! His proud projects vanish into emptiness, and more worthless than chaff appear those vast designs of grandeur which had called forth all the energy of his mind! —Not so the Christian, who

"Has made the statutes of the Lord
His study and delight."

to him death comes not unlooked for: he knows it is the lot of our frail nature, and he rejoices in it as the road to blessedness. Sustained by the hope of glory, he sinks not under the rendings of pain—the agonies of disease are considered as the price of his passport to a happier state; and, resigned, he receives the cup of affliction. The death of the Christian is the revival of faith. Those who stand at his bed-side—who behold him throw off the shackles of mortality, his countenance beaming with heavenly smiles, and his lips uttering praise—must surely be convinced that he has followed no "cunningly devised fables"—and even Sceptics must be induced to wish, that their latter end might be like his. *Thou must die.* When the grim messenger delivers this awful sentence, he pays no respect to persons. Not all the riches of the Nabob, the supplications of the beggar, nor the threats of the deist can aught avail. I have sketched the dying Christian—let me give the contrast in the closing scene of the unthinking youth, who, amidst his voluptuous comrades and destructive amusements, had hooted at the notion of judgment—set at naught the restraints of wisdom, and banished all reflection from his mind. In this state he is visited by sickness. Behold him groaning under affliction. The stings of a guilty conscience add torment to his bodily pains. He endeavors to pray, but guilt stares him in the face—he cries for mercy, but, alas, he had scoffed at the offers of pardon: and he is now suddenly called into the presence of his Maker, loaded with the pollutions of this world, and his dark passage through the valley of the shadow of death not illumined with one ray of consolation. With such examples before him, is it not astonishing that man should still run on in the mad career of vice, and end his days in wretchedness?

MONITORIALIST.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE NEGRO BOY.

Cold blows the wind, and while the tear
Bursts trembling from my swollen eyes,
The rain's big drop quick meets it there,
And on my naked bosom flies!
O pity, all ye sons of Joy,
The little wand'ring Negro boy.

These tatter'd clothes, this ice cold breast
By Winter harden'd into steel,
These eyes that know not soothing rest
But speak the half of what I feel!
Long, long, I never knew one joy,
The little wand'ring Negro boy.

Cannot the sigh of early grief,
Move but one charitable mind?
Cannot one hand afford relief?
One Christian pity, and be kind?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy,
O little wand'ring Negro boy!

Is there a good which men call pleasure?
Osmyn, would that it were thine!
Give me this only precious treasure;
How would it soften grief like mine!
Then Osmyn might be call'd with joy
The little wand'ring Negro boy.

My limbs these twelve long years have borne
The rage of ev'ry angry wind:
Yet still does Osmyn weep and mourn,
Yet still no ease, no rest can find!
Then Death, alas, must soon destroy
The little wand'ring Negro boy.

No sorrow e'en disturbs the rest,
That dwells within the lonely grave
Thou best resource the wo-wrung breast
E'er ask'd of Heav'n, or Heav'n e'er gave!
Ah then farewell, vain world, with joy
I die the happy Negro boy!

[*J. H. L. Hunt.*]

Remarkable History of a Maid Servant, who survived after being publicly executed.

About seventeen years ago, a young and beautiful country girl, was hired as a servant, by a gentleman of Paris, whose character, as is too often the case in great cities, was tainted with more than ordinary depravity. He was smitten with her charms, and attempted every art in order to seduce her. But she was virtuous, and rejected all his offers. What a generous mind would have regarded with the highest esteem, served only to irritate her master; who, finding his seductive arts ineffectual, formed the most abominable plan of revenge that could enter into the human mind. He secretly conveyed several of his own goods into the trunk of this unfortunat girl. They were marked with his name. He next exclaimed that he was robbed, sent for a commissary, and made his deposition in form. The trunk being opened, the goods were found which he had thus sworn to have lost.

The poor servant was imprisoned.—Her tears were her only defence, and all her answers to the judicial interrogatories were, 'Indeed, indeed I am innocent.' We cannot too much censure the criminal jurisprudence of France, when we reflect that the judges never once considered the abandoned character of the accuser, and that they stretched the law to its utmost rigour.

The innocent maid was condemned to be hanged. But this being the first attempt of the hangman, who was the son of the common executioner, he performed his duty very indifferently. A surgeon having purchased the corpse, it was carried to his house. He was desirous to perform the operation the same evening; but, the moment he applied the dissecting knife, he perceived some remaining warmth; the sharp instrument fell from his hands, and he instantly placed her in his bed, whom he was just going to dissect.

His endeavours to recover her were not fruitless. He sent, at the same time, for a priest, in whose experience and discretion he confided, not only in order to consult him on this strange event, but to be a witness of his conduct.

The moment the unfortunate girl opened her eyes, she thought herself in the other world: and perceiving the figure of the priest, who had a large head and a most venerable aspect, she exclaimed—'O eternal Father, thou knowest my innocence, have pity on me.' She continued thus imploring the ecclesiastic, believing him to be God himself. It was long before they could persuade her that she was not dead, so much had the idea of her punishment and of death affected her imagination! Could any thing be more expressive and more affecting than this exclamation of an innocent soul, thus addressed to him whom she imagined to be her Supreme Judge? And exclusive of her exquisite beauty, how forcibly must this singular scene have interested every feeling mind! What a subject for a painter! What a theme for the philosopher! What an awful lesson to the Judge!

The humane reader would rejoice to find, that the iniquitous sentence had been reversed, and that some signal compensation had been rendered to injured innocence. But this was by no means the case, as was asserted in the Journal of Paris. The maid was now restored to life, and recovered from the illusions of imagination. The good priest, having convinced her that he was but a mortal like herself, directed her to repeat the same prayers to that Being who is the only object of adoration. In the night time she quitted the house of the surgeon, who was equally anxious for the fate that might still await the innocent creature he had rescued from death, and for himself who had acted with such humanity towards her. She took refuge in a distant village, where, however, she was not wholly without her terrors, trembling still at the recollection of her judges, the officers of justice, and the horrible gibbet.

The wretched calumniator remained unpunished; for his crime, which was so apparent to the eyes of a few private witnesses, was not so in the view of the magistracy and the laws. In vain the people, who were soon apprized of this resurrection, loaded him with execrations. In a city so immense as Paris, the crime was soon forgotten; and this monster perhaps, this disgrace to humanity, still exists.

SCRAPS OF INTELLIGENCE,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

A letter received from a gentleman at Nantz, mentions, that the ice in the river Loire prevailed in such quantities, about the end of December, as to prevent the approach of vessels nearer than thirty miles from the town. The scarcity of grain in Spain was already felt, in so prominent a degree as to create an absolute famine.

A letter from Syracuse, of Nov. 9, says, Naples is in possession of the French, and the royal family are at Palermo. Lord Nelson is going to England on account of his ill health.

A Norwich paper says, that the great eclipse predicted for June 11, 1806, "cannot take place unless there should be a revolution in the laws of nature."

Mr. Harding, of Bremen, is said to have discovered a new moveable star, on the first of September;—it appears to be of the eighth magnitude, and is supposed to be a new planet, similar to the Ceres or Pallas—its motion was retrograde to the south.

The dreadful malady with which Gibraltar was lately afflicted, (according to a private letter) was introduded by means of about twenty Spaniards getting in undiscovered by the guards. They took up their residence in some tenements on the premises of Mr. Wm. Boyd, and soon after twelve of them died, and the proprietor of the premises and his wife shared the same fate.

[It is peculiarly gratifying to have an opportuity of recording such a noble instance of humanity as the following account exhibits. May the benevolent Captain, who thus put himself and his crew on short allowance to relieve the distresses of his fellow creatures, enjoy that best of all rewards—an approving conscience.]

Arrived at New York on the 8th instant, the ship Olive, Captain Doan, in 20 days from Martinique, and 17 from St. Bartholomews. Captain Doan informs, that a schooner from Portland arrived at Barbadoes, which vessel in the lat. of 32, fell in with the ship Sarah, of Philadelphia, out 170 days from Antwerp for New York, with 250 passengers on board, with the loss of her rudder, and mizen-mast, and five feet water in her hold. In this most deplorable situation the captain of the Portland schooner, though bad weather, took out all the crew and passengers, except 30, whom he was prevented from getting on board by a gale, and they were left to perish without water or provisions. When those most exhausted people got on board the schooner there was only 120 gallons of water on board, and before they reached Barbadoes, about 40 passengers starved to death, as the whole were upon a daily allowance of one gill of water and a raw potatoe. The conduct of the Captain of the Portland schr. deserves the highest encomium for his humanity, and we hope we shall soon have it in our power to announce his name.

Arrived at New-York the ship Severn, Cowman, in 109 days from Canton, with a full cargo of silks, nankeens and teas. The shortest voyage ever known, having been gone only nine months and nine days, and brought her own account of her arrival at Canton in 118 days.

The conduct of men in exalted stations is often taken by those in inferior ones as examples worthy of imitation—what influence that of our late Vice President in the *field of honour*, may have had, it is impossible to say, the following circumstance is sufficient to induce a belief that it has been far greater than it deserved.

Capt. Bennet, who arrived at N. York on the 13th instant from New-Orleans, mentions, that a duel has lately been fought in that place between Mr. Lewis, brother-in-law of Governor Claiborne, and Mr. Starr, a gentleman of the law from Providence, R I. in which Mr. L. was mortally wounded the second fire, and expired immediately. A political dispute is said to have originated the fatal meeting.

The Turks on board the John Adams are stout, well-looking men Mustapha, who had been captain of one of the Tripoline gunboats, has an open and pleasing countenance, and is polite in address. He speaks a little English and is very affable. His dress, as well as that of some others of his countrymen, has been very rich, and shews, in its tarnished condition, that it was once elegant and superb. The object of bringing the Turks to this country is to give them an opportunity of witnessing our manners, and experiencing our humanity; an object evidently wise and laudable. [*N. Y.*

From Augusta (Georgia) it is said, that on the 12th mo. 19th ult. a party of horsemen, consisting of 70 or 80 men, and headed by a Major James Britton, marched into Walton county, from Buncomb, (N. C.) with intent to resist the laws. To this end, they made prisoners of several distinguished characters, whom they tried at court martial; five they discharged, and ten were kept and marched off like prisoners of war, to Morgantown, (N. C.) one hundred miles from the scene of action, and there confined in gaol, on the 25th of the same month; two Justices of the Inferior Court, and one of the Peace, are of the number confined!

These intruders still continue to range through the country, carrying terror before them. They have already stolen or taken away, horses, cattle, and other property, to the amount of *thirty thousand dollars*.

Interments in the burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 23d ult. to the 2d instant. Adults 13—Children 17—Total 30.

Deaths in the city of New-York, from the 23d ult. to the 2d inst. Adults 13—Children 17—Total 30.

Interments in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week. Adults 8—Children 4—Total 12.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRUDENTIA came to hand after the materials for this number were arranged: but her valuable communication shall occupy a place in our next.

We recommend to EUGENIUS a revisal of his verses. They betray a want of care, rather than a deficiency of genius.

If ARIEL would deign to put on a mortal form, we have a word or two for his ear, and for his alone. Surely he may trust *editorial fidelity*.

TO WELLWISHER we would remark, that however gratifying to our ear may be the sound of praise, we wish not to receive it at the expense of our friends. A desire to please, we cultivate; and wish ever to have our ears open to the voice of instruction: but the independence belonging to our station admits not of a dictator. A peep at the pigeon hole, containing "Hints to the Editors," would at once convince him how impossible it would be to suit every one's taste.

In "AMICUS PLATO," we discover some grains of wit, but they are hid among abundance of chaff.

FAREWELL, we admire the elegance of thy penmanship more than the harmony of thy numbers—and harmony of thy numbers, more than the connection and scope of thy thoughts. *Vale!*

SCRIBBLER'S second essay equalled not the expectations we had formed from a view of the first. It appears to be a premature effort of one not destitute of abilities, which we advise him to nurture by reading and reflection.

EPITAPHS on Bacchanalians are not to our taste. Their memory deserves not to live in the world, where they were a useless incumberance.

TIRO'S critical queries remain unanswered. O, ye *Invisibles!* on you devolves the task; from you we expect a solution of the difficulties, and seeming inconsistencies of the Roman poet, which Tiro has with propriety objected to.

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